

English 1101



Student: Adam Howington

Adam Howington's ePortfolio is unified, as he says in the Introductory Reflective Essay, by his passion for farming and appreciation of its power to shape the person he has become. Adam appreciated the ability to choose his own topics for his essays, which in turn makes the ePortfolio reflect the author and convey a strong sense of his individual voice. Whether conducting research at a feed store in Jackson County or remaking a Superbowl ad to combat stereotypes about Americans, Adam Howington is an advocate for the farmers about whom he writes.

Raised%20in%20a%20Barn.pdf

Raised in a Barn

According to society, my attire should consist of blue jeans and boots due to the fact that I have grown up on a farm. However, I never got the memo and I strayed from the common stereotype of a farmer. Growing up, the word, farmer, was not the first term that came to mind when describing me. I played many sports and excelled in school. To fall under the public's common perception, my extracurricular activities should most likely include cow tipping or mud bogging. As for my education, I would be expected to miss school to help out on the farm, but I rarely missed a day of school, and if I did, it was due to illness.

Growing up on a farm, I always felt a bit different than the other kids at school. I attended the city school and I was one of the very few with a farm. Most other students had never felt the joy breeze in your face while riding a horse or the hot shell of a freshly laid egg. The farm opened up numerous experiences and memories that I will carry throughout my life. I was around animals constantly and learned how to take care of many of them on my own. By the time I was in high school, I was raising my own flock of around 260 chickens. I ran a miniature business selling them and their eggs. During my last two summers, I have spent countless hours out in the fields baling hay with my grandfather. He taught me the entire process including cutting, fluffing, and baling the grass. I was familiar with driving the tractor, but it had another degree of difficulty because of the other machinery I had to simultaneously control.

The diesel fuel had created a raging passion within me for the outdoors. I became a member of the FFA in high school and competed on the Forestry team. In my junior year, I won the state competition for my category of land measurement. This accelerated my craving and led to me wanting to become an environmental engineer. The experience of growing up on a farm is something I will cherish for the rest of my life. It continues to impact my world, never expecting to be automatic.

Biography: Raised in a Barn

Reflective Introduction to the Portfolio: Harvesting Passion

Original Paper 1: Cultivation of the Man I am Today

First Revised Essay: Cultivation of the Man I am Today (Revised)

Original Paper 2: Growing a Perspective

Second revised essay: Growing a Perspective (Revised)

Exhibit of Revision Process: Tilling the Soil

Exhibit of Peer Review Process: Farming with my Peers

Wild Card: My Farming Perspective

New Rating

Raised in a Barn

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numerous experiences and memories that I will carry throughout my life. I was around animals constantly and learned how to take care of many of them on my own. By the time I was in high school, I was raising my own flock of around 250 chickens. I ran a miniature business selling them and their eggs. During the last two summers, I have spent countless hours out in the fields baling hay with my grandfather. He taught me the entire process, including cutting, fluffing, and baling the grass. I was familiar with driving the tractor, but baling hay involved a higher degree of difficulty because of the other machinery I had to control simultaneously.

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Harvesting Passion

Writing has never been my strong suit, but after I have taken ENGL 1101, my confidence in my writing skills has grown tremendously. When filling up my schedule for my first semester at the university, I was happy to throw in as many math and science classes as I could get my hands on. I was scared to take English, but I knew it was inevitable. I felt that my high school English classes did not fully prepare me for what was ahead. The forced topics and dull material wreaked havoc on my artistic freedom, and I feared college English would be brutal. However, the class was far different than what I had imagined. It opened up my first opportunity to write with creative freedom. The class allowed me to express myself through papers and this portfolio. I took the opportunity to focus my writing on farming. The ability to write about my passion through papers and portfolio reopened my joy for English. Over the course of the semester, ENGL 1101 allowed me to improve my writing skills through creative freedom.

In my biography, I mentioned how farming had impacted me in many ways. The first essay prompt allowed me to focus on just that through writing about my zest and gusto for farming. The chance to express myself was something I had not been able to do in high school. Writing about farming helped me develop a stronger voice in my paper, but I still lacked quality in other areas. I received a score of 84 on the paper, and the review from my teacher, Ms. Roberts, helped show me what I needed to work on in my future papers. I had problems with grammar, coherence, and hitting the point of distinction. I used the portfolio as an opportunity to revise the essay to show how my writing has improved. It was the first essay and shows where my level of writing began. The essay contained many confusing sentences, and I reworded them for clarity. Comma rules were another problem, but over the semester, I improved greatly in placing them. For coherence, my paragraphs were good, but I had areas to improve in by tying them back to previous ideas in the paper. I also lacked that characteristic of distinction to push my paper to an A at the beginning of the semester. However, as the semester progressed my writing continued to improve.

On my second paper, I received an 88. My writing was progressively improving and the grammar and coherence were well done. The paper was lacking in its transitions, but I was getting closer to hitting that point of distinction and reach an A. In my portfolio, I chose to revise my third essay. Being the final paper, it showed how far my writing skills had grown. I finally achieved distinction and received a grade of 97. I earned it through the process I used in making my argument. The prompt was to write about a small subculture, and I used

the prompt to make an argument about the public's views on farmers. I had a lot of thirst for writing it because of the creative freedom to focus the paper on a particular subgroup of my choosing. By focusing it on farmers of Jackson County, I felt I had a stronger voice in the paper because I know many members of this particular group, which gave me more passion. The paper still had a few problems and could be improved. A small number of sentences could have been better written. However, unlike my first paper, grammar was not a huge issue. The key changes I made were just relating my ideas back to previous arguments I made in the paper. One of the crucial points in my argument was a Ram Super Bowl ad that over-generalized farmers.

That commercial cultivated a fire within me and led me to developing my Wild Card. For it, I created my own version of the commercial to portray my perspective of farmers by using pictures of my farm. The creative freedom of the class gave me the chance to fill the portfolio with my passion for farming. But without some of the important processes such as peer review and revising, I would not be able to clearly express my zest and gusto. To show the importance of peer review, I displayed a friend's Introduction that I revised. His final version of the introduction was greatly improved. From that, I was able to see where he made mistakes in his writing, and I used that to expand my own writing skills. The revision process assisted in making me a better writer, as well. To exhibit this, I used a body paragraph from my first essay. This was when my writing was very confusing sometimes, and within the exhibit, my sentences slowly began to flow better and become clearer with each draft. I could compare the process to growing a garden. The first draft was tilling the soil. The second draft was going back through the garden and removing unnecessary rocks and weeds. The third draft could be compared to watering the plants. The final draft is the beautiful vegetables that are harvested after all of the hard work.

The class allowed for artistic freedom in my writing that led to immense passion. I was not a great writer at the beginning and my first paper was at a B level. However, I was no longer bound by the chains of specific topics or boring material. This allowed me to have a stronger voice in my papers, and I began having an enjoyment for writing. At first, the new-found desire was not enough to create an amazing paper on its own. With the assistance of peer review and revising, I was able to prune my first drafts into well-written papers. By the end of the semester, I reached my goal of an A paper. Through creative freedom and the use of reviewing processes, my portfolio displays the development of my writing skills.

Cult vat on of the Man I Am Today

Awakening to the crowing of a rooster was just the beginning of a typical day in my life. I grew up on a farm in Jackson County, Georgia. It was primarily a Black Angus cattle farm. Black Angus are black cows known for their meat, and many restaurants proudly advertise serving certified angus steaks on their menu. In addition, our farm's livestock consisted of goats, chickens, pigs, sheep, donkeys, ducks, horses, and even turkeys at one point in time. There was always a fence in need of repair or an animal in distress. From simple tasks like feeding the chickens to checking the cows, no task was ever the same. Each day brought new experiences, many of which had lasting effects. Life on the farm has helped me to become more independent, conscientious, and dependable.

When I was in the ninth grade, a key aspect of my life changed. My dad opened a small hardware store in the middle of town. Money was extremely tight, and some thing had to be done to bring in more income because farming was simply not enough. Once the hardware business picked up, he worked every day about 65 hours each week. That left me, with my grandfather's help, to work and take care of the farm. After I would get home from school, we either fed the cows a bag of salt or freed a goat's head from the fence. The goats always seemed to think the grass was slightly greener on the other side, and their curved horns prevented them from pulling back through the fence. I would attempt to free them from the ominous grasp of the fence, and in my quest was constantly kicked, chomped on, and even gored. They feared for their lives, but I was simply trying to help. The goats took every drastic measure to keep me away, and I continually told myself that it was the right thing to do no matter how badly I would get scraped and bruised. I would free them, and, instead of offering a sign of gratitude, they would run off, as though I had just attempted to murder them. The only appreciativeness I received was that of my own conscience.

Sometimes I would come in my house after an exceedingly lengthy day of labor and school, and it would be pouring down rain, with thunder filling the air and lightning all around. These days usually ended up when I needed to spend the most time refilling the animals' waters and filling up the feeders. I would already be demoralized after the day, and sometimes I sat in a chair trying to build the motivation to go and take care of them. Occasionally I peered outside only to view the rain pelting against the windows and cracks of lightning striking the earth. As the crackling of lightning packed the air, I was filled with guilt. I knew that the only way the animals would be nourished was through my venturing out into the destruction. The nastiest days I had made the biggest changes in me. I would really begin to put the animals first and

worry about myself later. I tried to make the animals' days brighter, no matter what experiences my day had previously given me. Through those experiences and many more, I became a more conscientious individual.

The stormy days were not always the most unforgiving. For instance, one day, like any other day, I went out to feed the chickens and things went from being just fine and dandy to complete and utter chaos. I turned the corner and 250 chickens were out of the cage, erupting with sounds of distress. A hawk had flown into a small hole in the netting and was devouring a chicken in the cage; all of the other chickens had pressed into some of the fencing and figured out how to push up under it and escape. My dad was at work, my grandfather was too old to help me catch the chickens, so there was no one to call for aid; I had to do it all on my own. I carefully removed the hawk from the cage and disposed of the half-eaten chicken. Then I began the daunting task of getting all of the chickens back in the cage. First, I tossed corn into the cage which lured many of the fowl back into their safe haven. I captured the few that remained with my hands, resulting in an explosion of feathers. Finally the tasks of returning them to their cage, removing the hole where the chickens escaped, and filling the gap where the hawk had entered were completed. I had no one else to rely on and since then, I have tried to solve most of my own problems even when I could probably use some help. The self-satisfaction I received was more than enough to influence the person I became. I began to prefer to do things like schoolwork on my own instead of reaching out for help. I would rather work twice as long on a problem and learn how to do it on my own than allow someone else to show me how to complete it. I eventually became a very independent individual and resisted help because I believed it molded me into a stronger person.

After I learned to handle my own situations, I never needed as much assistance, but sometimes it seemed like the entire world needed mine. My grandfather always was tasked with caring for the cows, but when he was tasked it was more like I was tasked to care for them with the help of my chauffeur because at the time, I was still too young to drive. Taking care of the cows could be as easy as just counting them, but it seemed we always had to load up bales of hay and feed cows in the winter. He refused to tell me when we needed to do things; he just called at the casual hour of eight in the morning on a Saturday and assumed I was ready and eager to go. The sense of waking up to the dreaded call haunted me every Friday night, right before bed. The sound would come every time, and it would echo throughout my bedroom; I knew I had to answer. If I told him I could not help, the sheer alteration of his tone was enough to fill me with guilt. I would be in a lousy mood for a little while, thinking of all the sleep I was missing. However, he cheered me up, and we would get on with work and be finished around two or three in the afternoon.

Every time I received the call, I became more reliable to him and my family. Many incidents occurred where I was required. Occasionally, this involved cows escaping from the pasture and my dad needing help retrieving them. Unfortunately, this happened at the cows' choosing and not ours. We sometimes had to go out at two in the morning to capture the creatures and release them into their luscious green prisons. I was consistently willing to drop whatever I was doing to assist whoever needed my help at the time, all because of the situations I had encountered from being around farming constantly. If my best friend needed my help at three in the morning to help him finish his project, I would be there. Last week, my friend needed help with his math, and he knew to call me because I would be there to help whenever I could. My friends and family understood that I evolved into a trustworthy and genuine soul.

Each of these situations has caused me to change. I dealt with a lot of situations on my own, and this has led me to become more self-sufficient. At the farm, things happen in an instant. My family counts on me to be there in a moment's notice to help them, so I had to become more dependable and help a lot more on the farm. I had to put the animals before myself. By getting injured when letting the goats free from the fence, I was molded into a more conscientious person. Being there for my grandpa on the weekends made me more reliable; and when I handled the incident with the hawk on my own, I became more independent. From these experiences of farming, I have become the person I am today.

Growing a Perspective

Society's ideas about farmers can be rather restricted. Advertising and numerous misconceptions that have been planted into the minds of Americans have morphed the public's view into a series of narrow-minded ideas. One may stereotype them as white, rural corn farmers, but this broad generalization represents only a small portion of the actual culture. A nearby subculture of farmers located in Jackson County, Georgia defies many expectations that the public imposes on them. Society's stereotype of farmers, as conceived through advertising and misconceptions, is contradicted by the farmers of Jackson County.

To shed light upon how far off the public's views are, I researched a subculture of farmers, all located within the region of Jackson County, Georgia. I gathered data on the subculture from research at Howington's Feed and Supply, which is located in the middle of the county and serves as a major place of business for farmers in the area. I visited the business and observed the different farmers making purchases on farming essentials, including feed and medication for animals. From these observations, I found that farmers were primarily middle-aged and older. This was a bit of a shock to me because the occupation requires a lot of manual labor, so that one might see it as a younger man's occupation. I initially expected them to be primarily white, but I discounted it immediately after seeing multiple ethnicities purchasing feed for animals. There was a correlation to the type of feed each ethnicity bought. Farmers with a Hispanic background were mainly buying chicken feed. Caucasian farmers primarily purchased All Stock feed, which can be fed to cows, goats, and horses. African American farmers usually purchased feed for hogs or cows. I noticed their clothes varied slightly by age but consisted mainly of boots, blue jeans, and a ball cap. Middle-aged men had a different variation by having an old t-shirt, while the older farmers, being in their sixties or higher, wore long-sleeve, buttoned-up shirts. To verify my findings' accuracy and discover further details on the group of farmers, I interviewed the owner of the store.

Dennis Howington, the owner of Howington's Feed and Supply, is a fourth-generation farmer who has been living in Jackson County his entire life. I interviewed him in an attempt to reveal more characteristics of the Jackson County farmers that refute society's generalizations. I questioned him on some of the defining characteristics of the subculture. According to him, they typically wear blue jeans, long-sleeve buttoned-up shirts, and work boots. Farmers in Jackson County also wear ball caps to keep the sun out of their eyes and swat flies when driving tractors in the summer time, because many of the farmers have tractors that do not have a cab. The ball cap makes

it much easier to drive and is almost an essential to have on a sunny day. The average age of these farmers is around sixty. This was apparent in the research I collected, as well. He also described the key industries most farmers were involved in. He specified that many ethnic groups raise chickens on the side, but it was not a primary source of income for them. The primary agricultural industries in Jackson County are cattle and chickens (Howington). This was also visible while collecting my research because most of the customers were purchasing feed for cows and chickens.

I went on to question him about a press release on some of the key misconceptions the public holds on farmers, "My Top 10 Misconceptions About Agriculture," written by Matthew Lohr, Commissioner of Agriculture for the state of Virginia. According to Lohr, society sees farmers as being uneducated. Howington immediately put this idea to rest by stating that he has multiple customers who have obtained college degrees. He continued to deconstruct the stereotype by describing how he himself is constantly learning on the job as a farmer; his formal education stopped at high school, but in order to farm efficiently, he constantly learns about new technology and methods in agriculture. Lohr also states that the public views farmers as being rich, but Howington stated that many farmers must take out loans to start up their businesses, and may spend decades paying off the debt. He went on to explain that a farmer's money is completely tied up in running his farming operation. For example, a chicken farmer in Jackson County usually has between two and six poultry houses (Howington). Each house may cost up to 150,000 dollars, and so the total can quickly become 900,000 dollars (Howington). A farmer's total net worth would be invested into these houses and other equipment so that he could generate an income. There would not be enough money left to afford the luxuries that belong to the truly wealthy. These generalizations are produced through misconceptions, but also through advertising.

The public's common perception of a farmer is an image far from reality. In an article titled "The Modern American Farmer," written by Andrea Crawford, society's dominant stereotype of a farmer is described as a white, rural corn farmer. The article itself makes attempts to shoot the public's profile of farmers down by referencing the diversity seen in a class of people aspiring to be farmers in the state of New York (Crawford). The Farmers of Jackson County also support Crawford in her battle against the public's profiling eye by also being ethnically diverse. They consist of many ethnicities, which include African Americans, Hispanics, and Asians. The article also referenced how the white, corn farmer stereotype can be seen through advertising. The public's vision has been distorted by these marketing gimmicks. During the 2012 Super Bowl,

an ad for Ram Trucks received enormous amounts of feedback for supporting agriculture and farmers. The commercial supports the idea of farmers simply being white, rural corn growers. This widespread idea is vastly outdated and inaccurate. During the ad, a series of images display farmers of all ages doing different activities, accompanied by Paul Harvey's "So God Made a Farmer" speech. These elements mold the public's view by building emotional ties with the moving speech and showing images of specific groups of farmers that do not come close to representing farmers in Jackson County. The speech itself was given in 1978, and no longer accurately represents farmers. The commercial's images, furthermore, are of farmers who live out in the Midwest in the Great Plains. For instance, the third image in the commercial is of a home with a few nearby barns and trees, completely surrounded by flat, plowed-up fields. This image does not accurately represent the farmers of Jackson County, because it is located in the hilly region of Georgia. The soil found in the image is much darker than the red clay that is found in Georgia. The primary industries for farmers in Jackson County are chickens and cattle, rather than crops. The clothing that the farmers are wearing is also a bit different. Many of the farmers are wearing cowboy hats, but rarely do farmers in Jackson County wear cowboy hats. My research showed that farmers in Jackson County wore ball caps rather than cowboy hats. Finally, all of the farmers depicted in the commercial were Caucasian. The observations that I made of the subculture of farmers in Jackson County defy the generalizations created by the truck commercial.

The public's distorted view of American farmers as white corn growers is easily contradicted by the research I collected on the farmers of Jackson County. The white farmer stereotype was refuted through the observations of numerous ethnicities during my research. In an interview with an actual farmer in Jackson County, some of the common misconceptions were disproven. Many misconceptions mask the actuality of farmers but the truth is revealed through the small subculture. The various aspects of the group stray from America's image of a farmer, including the environment they live in, the way they make their living, and the common misconceptions held by the public. Society's ideas of the farmer are disproven by the subculture of farmers found in Jackson County.

Works Cited

Crawford, Andrea. "The Modern American Farmer." *Slate Magazine*. 26 Apr 2013: n. page. Web. 28 Oct. 2013.

"Farmer." Ram Trucks. CBS. WXIA, Athens. 5 Feb. 2012. Television.

Howington, Dennis. Personal Interview. 28 Oct 2013.

Lohr, Matthew. "My Top Ten List of Misconceptions about Agriculture." Website. Virginia Department of Agriculture and Consumer Services, 2013. Web. 28 Oct. 2013.

Tilling the Soil

Revising an essay is like tilling the soil. The soil starts out with lots of rocks and weeds, but after a lot of hard work it can be completely changed. The rocks and weeds can be removed and the landscape is given a nice flow. The same goes for an essay. It may begin with choppy sentences and could be very wordy, but it can become a clear, concise, and flowing paper. For my revision, I chose my first paper because I received the lowest grade on this essay out of all three. It was also the best example of how poor my writing skills were. The paragraph from my first paper was wordy and choppy and had many grammatical mistakes in it.

In my first draft, I focused on removing and rewording confusing sentences and making my ideas clearer. Sometimes I rushed through and did not fully complete my thoughts. My ideas were choppy and did not flow, and a lot of my writing is very wordy.

Key- Problems Changes

Draft 1

A major event happened to me in ninth grade. My dad decided to open up a small hardware store in the middle of the town. Money was very tight and he had to make changes to bring in more income as farming was just not enough. **Once he had that up and running, he would work there seven days a week and averaged 65 hours there a week.** That left me to work and take care of the farm with my grandfather's help. **After I would get out from school, we were either going to give the cows a bag of salt or getting a goat's head unstuck from the fence.** The goats always seemed to think the grass was slightly greener on the other side and they would get their heads stuck in the fence from because of their curved horns. I would then get kicked, bit, and almost gored from saving their life and letting them loose from the grasp of the fence wire. They were in fear for their lives and I was only trying to help. They did everything they could to keep me away and I continually told myself that it was the right thing to get them out no matter how badly I would get scraped up because it was the right thing to do. I would free them and then they would run off like I had just attempted to murder them after I had just saved their life. **The only satisfaction I received**

In my second draft, I fixed some of the problems, but not all. There were still confusing and wordy sentences that n

Draft 2

A major event happened to me in ninth grade. My dad decided to open up a small hardware store in the middle of the town. Money was very tight and he had to make changes to bring in more income as farming was just not enough. Once business picked up, he would work there seven days a week and averaged 65 hours there a week. That left me to work and take care of the farm with my grandfather's help. After I would get out from school, we were either going to give the cows a bag of salt or getting a goat's head unstuck from the fence. The goats always seemed to think the grass was slightly greener on the other side and they would get their heads stuck in the fence due to their curved horns. I would then get kicked, bit, and almost gored from saving their life and letting them loose from the grasp of the fence wire. They were in fear for their lives and I was only trying to help. They did everything they could to keep me away and I continually told myself that it was the right thing to get them out no matter how badly I would get scraped. I would free them and then they would run off like I had just attempted to murder them after I had just saved their life. The only gratitude I received was that of my own conscience.

In the final draft, I made a few more changes to how sentences were worded and tried to make it clear and easy to understand. However, some parts of the paragraph still come off as wordy. I noticed that I used a lot of prepositions unnecessarily in my writing.

Final Draft

When I was in ninth grade, a key aspect of my life changed. My dad decided to open up a small hardware store in the middle of the town. Money was extremely tight and something had to be done to bring in more income because farming was simply not enough. Once the hardware business picked up, he worked every day with about 65 hours in total by the end of each week. That left me to work and take care of the farm with my grandfather's help. After I would get home from school, we were either going to give the cows a bag of salt or getting a goat's head unstuck from the fence. The goats always seemed to think the grass was slightly greener on the other side and they would get their heads stuck in the fence due to their curved horns. I would attempt to free them from the ominous grasp of the fence. In my quest to free them, I was constantly kicked, chomped on, and even gored. Although they feared for their lives and I was simply trying to help. The goats took every drastic measure to keep me away and I continually told myself that it was the right thing to get them out no matter how badly I would get scraped and bruised. I would free them and instead of a sign of gratitude they would run off like I had just attempted to murder them. The only appreciativeness I received was that of my own conscience.

I tried to finish off removing the wordy language and make everything clear and concise. I removed unnecessary prepositions and tried to give the paragraph a smooth flow. I also looked back over the grammar and found numerous comma splices that needed fixing.

Portfolio Final

When I was in ninth grade, a key aspect of my life changed. My dad opened a small hardware store in the middle of town. Money was extremely tight and something had to be done to bring in more

income because farming was simply not enough. Once the hardware business picked up, he worked every day about 65 each week. That left me to work and take care of the farm with my grandfather's help. After I would get home from school, we either fed the cows a bag of salt or freed a goat's head from the fence. The goats always seemed to think the grass was slightly greener on the other side and their curved horns prevented them from pulling back through the fence. I would attempt to free them from the ominous grasp of the fence, and in my quest was constantly kicked, chomped on, and even gored. They feared for their lives, but I was simply trying to help. The goats took every drastic measure to keep me, away and I continually told myself that it was the right thing to do no matter how badly I would get scraped and bruised. I would free them and instead of a sign of gratitude they would run off like I had just attempted to murder them. The only appreciativeness I received was that of my own conscience.

Farming with my Peers

The peer review process was something I rarely did in high school. This class really opened up my eyes and showed me how peer revising can help grow a first draft into a beautiful, lush essay. It helps the writer of the essay and also the reviewer. As the reviewer, I could critique the essay and help the person get a better grade. I could also see things I could improve on my own papers after seeing the areas that needed fixing in the papers I helped revise.

To show the strength of this useful process, I displayed my friend's introduction that I reviewed for him on our first essay. His first draft of the essay started off great with a hook. However, his sentences became a little wordy and some were even confusing. I helped show him where he could improve this and make the introduction easier to follow. Another problem was his thesis. His thesis was not clear, and I had a difficult time finding it. He had placed it in the middle of the introduction, but it needed to be at the end of the paragraph. There were a few grammatical stakes that I pointed out which were easy fixes. Since the thesis was in the middle of the paragraph, the big problem with the introduction was that it did not lead into a paper and the end of it was almost chopped off.

First Draft

It was blindingly green. Lush, deep green. I had never really felt it like this before, everywhere around me. It was like being submerged in an emotion- a feeling. Was this always there around me? How oblivious, how ignor- I tripped face first on an upright stone, and that was enough to knock me out my daydream. Maybe it was nature's way of telling me "Welcome to the real world."It is quite often that one reads about how going outdoors is important to live healthily- but then I again, I usually glance by these 'pearls of wisdom,' passing them off as too clichéd to be applicable. However this essay will focus on something different entirely. Humans, as a species, are becoming disconnected from the environment, and we need to plug back in to nature. I was able to do this through my experiences hiking when I was attending a boarding school, far up on a mountain in southern India. May want to begin by proving that humans are disconnected then go into how you have personally plugged back in by moving this sentence to the bottom of this paragraph. It seems like an oxymoron- humans being disconnected from nature. Like a note being detached from music. Yet look around. Almost everything that humans do is centered around pushing their natural environment further and further away. Earphones to silence the incessant chirping of birds. Cars to protect the delicate soles of our feet from the feel of moist grass. Skype calls to save everyone from the dangers of actually coming face to face with someone an hour away. The essay jumps from talking about how humans are not plugged in to directly how you are plugged in. May need to transition it a little more instead of jumping in head first.

In the final draft of the introduction, it is clear that many changes took place. The most apparent was that he split the introduction into two parts. He began with a kind of hook and then slowly transitioned into his thesis at the end of the introduction. The second to the last sentence is the thesis, which is followed by how he plans to answer his argument by setting up his entire paper. The introduction could now easily transition into the body paragraphs that would follow. He removed some of the wordiness and also removed many grammatical errors. He cultivated the draft into a blooming essay with the help of the peer review process.

Final Draft

Bursting the Bubble

It was blindingly envious, whispering "How could you have forgotten about me?" Lush, deep viridian, from the downpour a few days ago. I had never really felt it like this before, everywhere around me. It was like being submerged in an emotion-- a feeling. Was this always around me? How oblivious, how ignor- I tripped face first on an upright stone, and that was enough to knock me out my daydream. Perhaps it was mother nature's way of telling me "Welcome to the *real* world."

It is quite often that one reads about how going outdoors is important to live a healthy life- but then again, I usually glance by these 'pearls of wisdom,' passing them off as too clichéd to be applicable. However this essay will focus on something different entirely. It seems like an oxymoron- humans being disconnected from nature- like a note being detached from music. Yet look around. Almost everything that we as humans do is centered around pushing our natural environment further and further away and isolating ourselves in convenient bubbles. Noise-cancelling earphones to silence the incessant chirping of birds while jogging through parks. Cars to protect the delicate soles of our feet from the feel of moist grass. Skype calls to save everyone the danger of actually coming face to face with someone an hour away. Humans, as a species, are becoming more and more disconnected from the environment, and we desperately need to plug back in to nature and to our surroundings. I was able to do this through my experiences hiking when I was attending a boarding school, far up on a mountain in southern India.

For my wild card, I went back to the Ram Super Bowl ad of farmers that I analyzed in my third paper. I recreated the video and filled it with a slideshow of pictures from my farm. I want the difference between the public's view and the actual view to be clearly shown. I included my video, as well as the original, so that the key differences can be seen.

Original Commercial



My Version

